# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
$1.50 a year, in advance.

*"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."*

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., as second class matter.

VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1882. NUMBER 6.


## POETRY.

### At the Last.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calmer beauty and a power
That morning knows not in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil—
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil—
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide,
Like summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

## STORY TELLER.

### The Fulfillment.

The curtains were closely drawn and the fire burned brightly bidding defiance to the bitter cold of the Christmas Eve of 1880, and around the cheerful blaze was gathered a group of happy faces. It was Lena Hunter's wedding day, and very handsome she looked beside her manly young husband, Frank Ranson. Contrary to the recognized custom of the upper ten, they intended to spend the honeymoon at home amid the scenes and companions dearest to them, and to-morrow, being Christmas, the enjoyment was unalloyed in the merry party.

Songs had been sung, conundrums solved, stories and topics discussed, when a request was made that the vivacious and gifted bride should entertain the company with a story.

After a good deal of urging she complied, and nuts being freely circulated, every one settled himself in as comfortable a position as possible in order to listen and enjoy the coming event.

"Well," began the merry Lena. "I don't know if it is customary for the bride to play fiddler at her own wedding; but as you have cheerfully entertained me, I must do so unto you. I don't know what story would interest you, but I will tell you something that has been running through my mind all day. If you ever heard or read Munchausen tales you must have been impressed with the idea that if you could lie as he did, you would make a fortune. Well, I have dreamed lies as big as the biggest and I will give you a specimen. Now I don't believe in dreams any more than the rest of you, but you will wonder at this one as much as I have done. The best way to relate it will be in the form of a history of the incidents occurring in the dream, and I will tell you my adventure in dreamland. Understand, every word I am about to say is the dream. I slept. I received a letter from my mother to bring my two dear friends, Mary and Ellena, (whom you all know), down to the farm lately purchased by my parents, and you may be sure were highly gratified by the invitation.

This farm, the letter said, was my father's latest idiosyncrasy, being a few acres of run out land, and a large old fashioned story-and-a-half farmhouse, utterly devoid of paint or beauty and a wonder to behold. The only thing the place could boast of, was its beautiful scenery.

Leaving Williamsburg by the early train, we reached the station nearest our destination in the afternoon and were met by my father in a very rickety looking one-horse spring wagon. Greetings were exchanged, and seats being filled by our party, we started for our Mecca, which we reached at a late hour of the day. A hearty welcome awaited us, and after a well appreciated supper, we retired to our much needed repose, leaving our explorations for the following day.

Next morning a merry trio started for a survey of the many rooms, and winding passages of this relic of old Virginia aristocracy. We rummaged from garret to cellar with much enjoyment, notwithstanding the fact that the house was said to have the proverbial ghost, and all that remained for our visitation, was the east wing. I led the way and opened the the door, when a rush of freezing air enveloped me, and such a nameless horror overpowered me, that I was rooted to the spot.

"Lena, Lena," screamed my mother "come away from there. That is the dead room."

But I could not. I stood like a statue, when to my agony there appeared the crown of a bended head just within the room, which slowly advanced itself forward until a face appeared, and such a face that with a shriek of terror I fell fainting on the floor.

When I revived, night was approaching and the full moon was slowly rising above the distant hills. Thinking the evening air would be beneficial, we proposed a walk to the top of the hill fronting the house. It was scantily wooded on the sides, but on the top it was utterly void of even shrubbery. The full moon cast a ghostly light over every thing and added a strange beauty to the scene. We started for our journey, but when we reached the door we heard the unexplicable words. "Look out for the white woman as you value your life, speak no words to her." Wondering, but not waiting for an explanation, we commenced the ascent and soon reached the top, when such a wide expanse of country opened to our view as fully repaid us for our trouble. Before us in the valley lay a village sleeping in the moonlight, and between us and the misty vision lay a beautiful lake that looked like a sheet of silver. On an eminence on the left, stood a small chapel surmounted by a cross, and this in turn caught the moonbeams, and reflected them far and near like a heavenly radiance.

Feasting our eyes on the distant beauty of the scene, we turned to survey our immediate surroundings. Close on our right ran a brawling brook, one of the many sources of the lake, gleaming almost at our feet. On our left, on a lower level, was a patch of woodland, whose misty green gave a fairy look to the scene. For the first time our parting warning recurred to our minds and Mary asked me:

"Do you know anything of your mother's meaning, Lena?"

Before I could answer, close by my side appeared a fair, blue eyed, whited faced woman, dressed in a sheeny white robe. She was gliding up and down on the water, seeming not no touch it in her undulating motion.

Awestruck, we watched her in silence, when suddenly she burst into a weird song, whose words none understood, and whose meaning was an enigma.

"Whatever happens," whispered Ellena, in a frightened tone, "we must not speak to her."

Silently we watched her, unable to leave the spot, and noticed her take in her hand a tablet which was suspended from her girdle. Then apparently seeing us for the first time, she approached us in the same gliding motion, and looking from one to another, her gaze rested on me to whom she directed her steps. Shivering with terror I shrank away from her, but to no purpose, for placing her hand on my shoulder, she said in a mournful, unearthly voice.

"Will you carry me?"

Remembering the injunction, I was silent, while the hand so light at first grew heavier and heavier on my shoulder until it seemed to crush me to the ground. Again came the sad words.

"Will you carry me?"

Still no answer, while the weight increasing, I was borne to the earth utterly powerless in the hand of this strange apparition. I felt a choking sensation. I gasped for breath, everything grew dark, when again came the question, and braving all I tried to answer "No." Though barely articulated it was heard, and with a blood curdling laugh my persecutor removed her grasp, and exclaimed "One more," taking her tablet and placing on it a sign of unknown meaning. Slowly I rose to my feet, shivering with dread, and heard the awful words.

"Five months from to-day you shall be no more, but on that day you shall have one wish which shall be granted."

Without a word of warning, she disappeared, and all that remained was the everlasting hills and valleys, and three very much frightened females, who scampered down the hill in a very undignified manner. Our frightened appearance told our story, and my mother said in a quivering voice.

You have seen her, but oh! say none of you spoke to her!"

"Lena did," murmured Mary, with white lips.

"God help me! my poor, poor child, for no one speaks to the white woman that lives.

I heard a ringing in my ears, then darkness, and I knew no more until the morning came, when I awoke and found my strange adventure a dream from the beginning; for in the first place we never owned a farm."

There was a sigh of relief from her breathless listeners and Frank said:

"Did it never trouble you, wondering if it should prove true?"

"Indeed it has," was the reply "For weeks I expected some fatal sickness to attack me and end in death, but my usual good health has never been affected."

"And what was the reason, my dear, that to-day this strange dream has so occupied your mind?" said her husband.

"Because," said Lena placing her arm tenderly around his neck, "to-day has been the fulfillment. Five months elapsed to-day. Lena Hunter is no more, for I am now Mrs. Ransom, and the wish I am allowed, and which the white woman said would be granted, is that we may be so happy that we will never regret the fulfillment.

### Wealth *vs.* Wisdom.

"Wealth!" What is wealth? It is defined as the accumulation of riches, and the man who is the possessor of great wealth, is raised and exalted in the world's estimation. People speak of him as a great man, and they looked up to him, as the people of England used to look up to their lords. If the wealthy man is shrewd, he can use the people in nearly the same way the old English barons did their vassals. But, what is all his wealth, if he is not wise? Unfortunate speculations may even in a single day, deprive him of all his riches, and he may then take his station with the working men to retrieve his fortune, which he seldom ever attains again. And his family, which before held a high social position in the world, because their father's wealth is gone are dragged down and made to taste of life's hardships, and of course it is all the more bitter because they have to descend from a position, of which it has always been their pride to speak. And it is only the more galling, when their wealthy and fashionable friends, one by one, drop off and soon forget all about them, for their social position will not permit them to stoop so low as to be intimate with common people. Now, this opinion in nine cases out of ten, has proved to be true. But what has the man done to deserve all this? And why can you blame and look down on his family? They answered. Our pride, our social positions, will not permit us to do so. Riches are the cause of many a man's life and will continue to be so till they are combined with Wisdom.

Now, on the other hand, what is Wisdom. For instance, a boy loves his books, he studies hard, works for his living, manages to go to school, and afterwards enters College, and by every economy he attains an education. After graduating he tries to obtain a good situation as book keeper, or principal or something of the kind. He is a college graduate, and represented a wise man, but he is poor. Nevertheless, if he applies to be a rich man, who, like himself, was once poor. He is very likely to succeed at a good salary, and eventually becomes in after years what is termed well off in world. But while he is yet a poor man, his employers do not take any more interest in him other than a hireling. He does not enter into the society of the rich man's family or friends until he can also assume the dignity of a rich man. To be sure, he may have three times the amount of book-learning his employer ever had. But that don't bring him into the society of the rich. For all these illustrations, I have used instances which occurred among hearing persons for objects. But I will give you a case of real deaf-mute pride of money. In a certain Institution was a class, they were quite advanced. One of their their number leaves school and gets married to a man of reputed wealth. The remainder of the class remain in school a number of years more, and, of course, attain a great deal more knowledge than when this one member left. Now, of the class who remain in school there are three pupils of rich parentage. The young lady who is married gives a grand party, and sends invitations to the two or three of her old classmates, whose parents are reputed wealthy. To the utter exclusion of the rest of the class, who are, if anything farther advanced in their studies than their rich class-mates, and far more accomplished in everything. Yet their classmate, who is married, and who was formerly as poor as themselves, now, because she was married "rich," turns the cold shoulder. For what reason? Merely because she is rich and too proud to have poor people for her associates. Now, what reason is there for such a spirit? It is entirely wrong, if that young wife should have the tables turned. She would be among the first to resent the injury. Money is power, as the saying goes. But what is power without charity? One of the greatest gifts of God is a charitable spirit. He made all persons equal, but some abuse his gifts, yet they propose to be christians. Will the Lord permit such injustice at the last day? "No." The poor man will triumph over his rich neighbor in just relation. Now, gentle readers, I do not intend to hit any of you. But be advised and do not be in too big a hurry to get "rich." First learn how to sympathize with the world, and then think of your own comfort. For, remember: It is hard for a rich man to find favor with the Lord.

W. L. E.

### Strange Races of Men.

THE BANNIANS.

The Bannians are a caste which dwells in and around the town of Mocha, in the province or county of Yemen, Arabia. They are famous for their social virtues. One of their chief precepts is to love everything that breathes, to assist everything that is in pain, to abhor the spilling of blood, and to abstain from food that has enjoyed life, and they practice this precept in its utmost rigor. They are strict vegetarians, subsisting entirely upon milk, butter, cheese, rice and vegetables. In their treatment of animals they show great tenderness of feeling. Mocha abounds in ownerless dogs, which live in the southern part of the town, sleeping three-fourths of the day in small holes which they dig themselves. They are horrible animals, quarrelsome, almost famished, and devoured with the mange. They bark and snarl at everyone who passes, and are objects of detestation to every one except the Bannians. The latter extend their compassion to these dogs, and even take particular care of them. They bake little loaves of bread which they carry to these dogs almost every hour of the day; one or an other of this tribe is seen continually passing with a little copper pot of water in one hand, and a loaf in the other. The dogs know them, and when one appears they rush to him in swarms. The most timid animals approach the Bannians without the slightest fear, and when one of them is seen he is almost surrounded by some species of animal which he is feeding. They have a perfect horror of anything that is dead. If they should ever accidently touch any dead thing, they rush off to wash away the pollution.

In all hot countries, flies are very numerous and troublesome, and as the heat makes them, as well as everything else that has life, very thirsty, they are often drowned in vessels in which they fall in their eagerness to drink. A Bannian would willingly spend the entire day in endeavoring to restore one of these insects to life, after an immersion in the water. A method was once pointed out to one of them of putting them in salt to recover them, and he was so overjoyed at the discovery that he was in the habit of carrying a handkerchief of salt around with him for the benefit of unfortunate flies.

The dress of the Bannians is a white robe and a rose-colored turban. Their disposition is frank and open; they are ignorant of prevarication and falsehood. They are greatly trusted by the European residents of Mocha, as they are the only ones able to deal with the Arabs. Their compensation is exceedingly moderate, yet their probity and honor is proof against every temptation.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

### The Slanderer.

This character among men is what the buzzard is among birds. The buzzard will sail over green fields covered with living flocks and never think of stopping, but will dart down upon the first rotten carcass he espies. The human carrion-crow never notices anything good in anybody and never fails to notice something bad. He thinks nobody is honest because he knows that he is not. He takes his cue from his father, the devil, claiming that no man ever does a good act except from the most selfish motives. If a good man is referred to he is ready with sneering lip to snarl out, "Is he good for naught?" and then go on to show that it is only to get votes or money. His cried is that there is neither honesty in man nor virtue in woman that cannot be bought. He has set his price on his own principles and though it was shamefully low, the man that bought him was badly beaten in the bargain. Now he seeks to reduce others to the same category with himself. When he dares not say anything bad about a pure woman, for fear of her friends, he conveys his meanings by hints, by shrugs of the shoulders and winks of the eye, which may be interpreted to mean a great deal or nothing, as a due regard for a whole skin and unbroken bones may dictate. If the case of a young man who has quite bad habits and is leading a new life is referred to, he says "Wait and see." If the name of a pure woman is mentioned in praise, he winks at his neighbor, his face assumes an ugly leer and he hitches up his left shoulder and says—nothing "audibly," but he says as plain as words could make it, "If you knew what I do, you would not call that woman pure." This is the worst type of the slanderer because the least responsible. Well to be a slanderer is bad enough. A slanderer is a liar, a coward, a thief and a murderer. A liar, because slandering consists in circulating that which is false, or without sufficient foundation. A coward, because he has not the courage to face his enemy and utter his charge, but stealthily sneaks up behind and stabs him in the back. A thief, because he takes that which is valuable. A murderer, because nothing but bitter hatred could move one to stab the character.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

"AIMEE."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 1, '82.

### The Pronunciation of Deaf-Mutes.

*(To the Editor of the New York Times:)*

Your correspondent "O. P. H.," in his communication in yesterday's *Times*, manifests the same interest in the subject of the articulate speech of the deaf that has been lately shown by others on the other side of the water. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences (Paris, Nov. 7) it was maintained by H. Hement that deaf-mutes, when taught articulate speech, have the accent of their respective countries, indicating organic conformations similar to their parents—a proposition and conclusion with seems to have been disputed by M. Blanchard. Subsequent to the above, Mr. William E. A. Axon, in writing on the subject (*Nature* Vol. XXV., p. 10) quotes Prof. Tichnor's statement, which is alluded to by your correspondent "O. P. H.," as well as that of M. Hement, with both of whom he would seem to agree.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, in a letter to *Nature*, (Vol. XXV., p. 124,) replied to Mr. Axon, and explains why the congenitally deaf do not manifest any evidences of local accent in their speech.

The extract quoted from Prof. Tichnor's life by "O. P. H.," referring to his visit to a Deaf and Dumb Institution of 27 pupils in Madrid, Spain, says: "They are well taught to read, write, and what is more, to speak intelligibly. One fact I witnessed and knew, therefore, personally—which is extremely curious—not one of the pupils, of course can ever have heard a human sound, and all their knowledge and practice in speaking must come from their imitation of the visible mechanical movement of the lips and other organs of enunciation by their teachers, who are all Castilians; yet each speaks clearly and decidedly, with the accent of the Province from which he comes, so that I could instantly distinguish the Catalonians and Biscayans and Castilians, while others, more practiced in Spanish, the Malagas and Andalusian tones. How is this to be explained but by supposing an absolutely and originally different conformation of the organs of speech?" A few words apropos to the statement here quoted: Pupils who have never "heard a human sound," cannot learn to speak "clearly and decidedly," as may be observed in any of the excellent Institutions for deaf-mutes in our midst. Unfortunately, the voice of those who never "heard a human sound" is found to be developed with difficulty, and very often is quite the opposite of clear and decided—it is understood with difficulty, is mechanical and without the softness and pleasing modulation attainable in a voice cultivated by one with good hearing. Moreover, in a large number of individuals who have never "heard a human sound" it is believed that instruction in sign-language would be preferable to the articulation speech method, it having been found they never learn to speak well enough to make themselves understood.

The deaf may, of course, acquire accent from their teachers if they hear well enough to learn speech itself, but not otherwise. If any accent is acquired, it must be with spoken language, from which it is inseparable, and cannot be, therefore, inherited or depend on any peculiarity of the vocal organs. When Prof. Ticknor speaks of the pupils observed by him as never having heard a human sound, he, of course, must refer to their never having heard the human voice of others, for a considerable number of deaf people hear their own voice with more or less distinctness—not, indeed, as when the perceptive regions of the ear are normal, but by means of the waves of sound which are, in the act of speaking, propagated in every direction, and, consequently, in some measure heard irrespective of the acoustic apparatus. Although the perception of sound in this manner is, at best, very defective, yet it may serve to aid the individual in the construction of speech.

S. S.

NEW YORK, Monday, Jan. 30, 1882.

### Raid on Paris Gambling-Houses.

M. Camercasse, the Prefect of Police, has organized a raid on those illicit gambling-houses which have been opened in Paris under the name of clubs. He has commenced with those institutions which have obtained permission to open on the faith of the names of the gentleman who have signed the request. Licenses granted have been trafficed with and given over to the members of the "Black Gang," composed of croupiers and cheats, who entice men into the establishments they open and plunder them as though they were in the midst of a wood. The respectable clubs in Paris could be numbered on the fingers, and the sooner the others are stamped out the better for men who are fond of cards, and who are given to woo Dame Fortune at the board of green cloth. There are individuals who have no revenue, and live at the rate of a couple of thousand a year. The secret of their existence can only be vaguely suspected when those who have been plundered find that the persons who have obtained admission to the club on the faith of an authentic and high-sounding name, are on the best terms with the croupier who shuffles the cards for baccarat, and gradually enriches himself, buying lands and estates, and thrusting his intimacy on those who have been his confederates.

### Water of the Great Salt Lake.

Four barrels of the water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820 and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained. Four or five large streams empty themselves into it, and the fact of its still retaining its saline properties seems to point to the conclusion that there exists some secret bed of saline deposit over which its waters flow and that thus they continue salt; for, though the lake may be the residue of an immense sea which once covered the whole lake may yet, by its continuing so salt with the amount of fresh water pouring into it daily, the idea of the existence of some such deposit from which it receives its supply, seems to be only too probable. For the past fifteen years—until last year—the lake has been gradually rising; but in 1879 it receded some two or three feet—a most unusual occurrence, owing to the exceptionally warm summer.

There are no fish in the lake, but myriads of flies cover its surface.

The buoyance of the water is so great that it is not at all an easy matter to drown in it.

The entire length of the Salt lake is eighty-five miles, and its breadth forty-five miles.

Compared with the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is longer by forty-three miles and broader by thirty-five

### The First Push—A Story For Doctors.

"It's too late to talk to man about giving up his best friend when there's nothing else in the world for him to turn to," said poor Jim Miller to the doctor who sat by his bedside, and who had been eyeing the glass of brandy on an old chair by the sick man. He had said nothing about it, for he too knew it was "too late," and long ago his arguments and ceased to have any effect, as he talked to the msn who had been his father's friend, and enjoyed a position in life which it would now be difficult for a stranger to believe.

Dr. Brown knew well what his answer would be—what he was always but too glad to say—"My drinking all came from the doctors; if I'm ruined, it's their work. Take a little brandy and water, Jim; you need toning up; it won't hurt you; that's what old Dr. Farrar said to me; that was the push that sent me rolling down the hill. I've heard since, "there's poison in the glass," and I've sometimes wished there had been poison—poison that would have worked quick, in the first glass I ever took. If I had died then, there would have been tears shed, and flowers brought, and people to stand about an open grave. Now it will be, 'Who's dead?' 'Nobody but Jim Miller.' 'I told you what, doctor, if there's to be anything on my tombstone, let it be. 'The doctor gave him the first push.'"

A scarlet flush passed over the young physician's face, but he replied carelessly:

"You're rather hard on us, Jim; there are times when we are justified in ordering brandy for a patient, but we must be careful and act with prudence."

"We!" exclaimed the sick man earnestly, "Do you tell young men to 'tone up' with brandy? If you do, just tell 'em to put in an ounce of Paris green in the first cup. Never give poison by inches: it's awful to die so. Everything slipping, slipping away from a man, slowly but surely, he catching at every thing about him, trying to keep up, while money, friends, reputation, hope, all elude him, and he dies a hopeless, wretched wreck!"

It was with a thoughtful step that Dr. Brown walked away from the miserable dwelling, where he had often kindly gone, asking no fee and giving medicine without charge.

"Whatever else I do," he said to himself, "let me be sure I never give a young man 'the first push' in the road to ruin."—*Mrs. J. P. Ballard, in Temperance Banner.*

### Matrimonial Jars.

If people would but consider how possible it is to inflict pain, and perpetrate wrong without any positive intention of doing either, but merely from circumstances arising from inadvertence, want of symptathy, or an incapability of mutual comprehension, how much acrimony might be spared! Half the quarrels that embitter wedded life, and half the separations that spring from them, are produced by the parties misunderstanding each other's peculiarities and not studying and making allowances for them. When unintentional omission of attentions are viewed as such are presented. Where indications of injury of the unconscious offender, who in turn widens the breach of affection by some display of petulance or interference, which frequently irritates the first wound inflicted, until it becomes incurable.

In this manner often arises the final separation of persons, who might, had they accurately examined each other's heart and disposition, have lived happily.

### REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| St. Louis | " | 12th. |
| Chicago | " | 19th. |
| Cleveland (Ash Wednesday) | " | 22d |
| Indianapolis | " | 26th. |
| Cleveland (Ember Day) | March | 1st. |
| Detroit (Holy Communion) | " | 5th. |
| Flint | " | 6th. |
| Grand Rapids | " | 7th. |
| Albion | " | 8th. |
| Jackson | " | 9th. |
| Fort Wayne | " | 10th. |
| Cleveland | " | 12th. |

The services at Dayton will be held in Christ Church, at 10:30 A.M, with the Holy Communion, and at 7:30 P.M. The Rector, Rev. J. T. Webster, extends a cordial invitation the mutes of Dayton and vicinity.

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1882.*

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

| | |
|---|---|
| One copy, one year, | $1.50 |
| Clubs of ten, | 1.25 |
| If not paid within six months, | 2.50 |

These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

☞ Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

*Rates of advertising made known upon application.*

*Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.*


SOME years ago, statistics in relation to the intermarriages of blood relations and of deaf-mutes were published, and an attempt was made to show that the number of deaf-mutes was increased by their marrying each other. Our impression is that proof sufficient to sustain this theory was not produced, though there was pretty strong evidence that marriages between blood relations materially added to the deaf and dumb population, or otherwise had a deleterious effect. With regard to deaf-mutes, intermarriage should not be discouraged. We base this assertion upon the evidence which from time to time crops out, in connection with those deaf-mutes who have followed the advice so often given, and taken to themselves partners who can hear and speak. The cases in which a happy married life is experienced, where one is a deaf-mute and the other hears and speaks, are very rare. There are some, no doubt, but these are the happy exceptions. Only a few months ago we printed an account of a man who had a deaf-mute wife with whom he had lived and sorrowed for twenty-five years, till at last, unable to bear it any longer, he deserted her in her old age. Who can picture to himself the anguish of the poor deserted deaf-mute wife? Who is there with imagination fertile enough to conceive of the despairing sorrow of her who had struggled and fought the demon of unhappiness all along the long road which she had trod for a quarter of a century, married but not mated, having a constant companion who was not really a friend? Each of them tortured with the reflection that the other felt the shackles and longed for deliverance from the matrimonial chains.

But to-day we have another example. The story is a short and simple one. A young semi-mute has a hearing and speaking wife. They separate and come together again. Neither is happy. The mute, as usual, has the biggest share of the burden of sorrow. He is only twenty-four years of age, and with youth and strength, and all that ought to make life joyous and prosperous, he deliberately and quietly courts death, and goes to meet his Maker. We wonder does God pardon such a sin under circumstances such as these. From whatever aspect it may be viewed, it is truly terrible. But the cause could have been avoided. If he had not married a hearing wife, it would never have happened. You who are young, if you do not want your lives blighted, place no faith in advice that is the outcome of scientific calculation. It should not be expected that you would lead a life of unhappiness in order to decrease the probability of an increased generation of deaf and dumb. True happiness can only be found where the tastes and inclinations of husband and wife in a large degree coincide. A hearing person finds pleasure in what to a deaf person is entirely blank, and *vice versa*.

A FIRE that is without precedent as to rapidity of destruction, occurred in New York last week. The building which until lately was called "The World Building," because it had been for many years occupied by the *New York World*, was totally destroyed. It was a seven story brown stone building, and was occupied by prominent papers, among them the *New York Observer*, the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and the *Scottish American*. Several lives were lost, and many miraculous escapes were effected. Among those who were cut off from the regular mode of exit by the flames was Rev. C. A. Stoddard, D.D., Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Institution's Board of Directors. He made his escape by creeping along the top of *The Observer* sign to the building of the *New York Times*, a feat which at any other time would be considered extremely perilous. The New York Institution has cause to be thankful for the escape from what appeared almost certain death, of one of its most active members.

WE have received the Second Biennial Report of the Mississippi Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the years 1880 and 1881. The Institution is located at Jackson, Miss., and at the date when the Report was presented there were sixty-eight pupils present.

J. R. Dobyns, A. M., took charge of the Institution in March, 1881. He pays a high compliment to the retired superintendent, Mr. C. H. Talbot, and ascribes much of his success since assuming control, to the flourishing condition of the institution when it came into his hands. About twenty-five per cent of the pupils are semi-mutes, and Mr. Dobyns earnestly suggests that an articulation teacher be employed. He says: "The American system is the one in which the pupil is instructed by signs, the manual alphabet and writing. In most of the institutions in this country, where the American system is used, articulation is taught, not that the pupil is instructed by that method, but to preserve and develop whatever powers of speech he may possess.

"While I am not disposed to discard signs and the manual alphabet and adopt the Pure Oral system, yet it is certainly true that our institution is not up with the spirit of progress and doing all it can for these unfortunate children."

The Superintendent also advocates the teaching of trades, and asks for $1.500 to start a printing office. A good many colored pupils attend the Institution, and a new building for their accommodation is applied for.

The expenses during the two years were about $19,000. The Report is an interesting one, and is replete with valuable suggestions, which, if carried out, will prove of great benefit, and will greatly enhance the efficiency of the Institution.

### Suicide of a Deaf-Mute.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Monday, Feb. 6, 1882.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would like to write a few items concerning the sad news of Thomas M. Kane's death, through the JOURNAL.

Thomas N. Kane died last Thursday from the effects of two doses of arsenic.

Before his death, Thomas went to his father's residence, from his wife's house, last Wednesday.

Thomas told his youngest brother, aged twelve, not to touch the cup of arsenic which he was going to drink, on Wednesday night. His brother asked Thomas what he did it for. Thomas said he did it to save himself from disgrace and trouble.

He drank the cup of arsenic on Wednesday night and died on Thursday night. His brother went for the doctor about nine o'clock, and told his sister what had happened.

The father of the deceased said that his son had some domestic trouble. The wife of the deceased was greatly overcome when she heard the news of her husband's death, as she had a two-year-old child in her arms. They have been living together for some time. Once they were separated. It was said Thomas did not live very happily with his speaking wife.

He was a semi-mute, and was educated in Hartford. He was buried beside his deceased mother last Sunday afternoon. He was twenty-four years old and leaves his father, one sister and three brothers, to mourn his loss. Very respectfully,

A. M. STOFFEL.

### The Garfield Memorial.

**Official Bulletin, No. 9.**

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,
KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Feb. 4, 1882.

The following suscriptions have come to hand:

| | |
|---|---|
| From inmates of the Texas Institution, through Col. John S. Ford, Sup't | $31 85. |
| " B. R. Allabough, Deaf-Mute College, | pd. 1 00. |
| " Samuel Hamilton, Beverly, Mass., | " 1 00. |
| " Mrs. Sam'l Hamilton, " " | " 1 00. |
| Amount previously reported | 372 90 |
| Total to date | $407 75. |

The last two subscriptions given above, as well as several already reported from Massachusetts, were obtained through Mr. Harry White.

The names of contributors from the Texas Institution have not been received. They will be given in some future bulletin. That subscription will be very gratifying to all who take an interest in the memorial, because it comes from an institution which did not have (as so many institutions have had) direct benefits from Garfield's broad and beneficent course respecting the education of the deaf.

A. G. DRAPER,
*Treasurer.*

# ITEMIZER.

**FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Frank Klingman, of New York City, expects to "go West" ere long.

Mr. J. A. Branflick, of Baltimore, contemplates visiting his relatives during the spring.

N. B. Fletcher is now in Carthage, Miss. He is engaged in housepainting. He left Minnesota last fall.

Miss E. A. Barton, of Waterville, N. Y., has gone to Washington, D. C., to remain for the some time.

Henry Semple, of Utica, N. Y., probably will move to Kansas with his father and mother and family next spring or fall.

A correspondent writes:—"Let a friend know about Miss Hattie M. Whitney's address." Mrs. John F. Webb, South Windham, Me.

G. E. Risley, of Waterville, N. Y., is busy in making some new rotary churns this winter. The churns will be in the stores next spring for sale.

Our subscribers in some parts of the South do not get their papers promptly on account of the recent floods. The railroads in some places are under water.

On Thursday last, Bruno Schott, a lithographer from Brayes, Belique, Germany, visited the JOURNAL office. He was educated at the deaf-mute school in Ratibor, Silesia, and was born in Neustadt, Silesia.

Since the cowardly attack on Ex-Sergeant-at-arms Campbell, of the M. L. A., the old man has attended the meetings armed with a policeman's billy. No rowdy has seen fit to raise a disturbance since then.

Miss Hettie Wicks, of Baltimore, who graduated from the Maryland Institution a few years ago, is a first class operator on the Wheeler and Wilson Machines, in a large ladies' underware establishment. The machines are run by power.

Mr. William Raatz wishes to know how Mr. W. G. Burge, of Dunmore, Pa., is getting along, after the accident in which his foot was crushed by a machine in a coal mine. The former who is a resident of Pottsville, Pa., feels a great interest in Mr. Burge.

Charles Dietrich and Daniel Hine, of Elimsport, Pa., paid a visit to J. N. Epler and two mute sisters of Collomsville, Pa., on Sunday, the 8th ult. Charles was a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, and Daniel Hine who is deaf, was never educated at a deaf-mute school, but can speak and talk with signs well.

Irwin Blood, of Chicago, has lately been in South Bend, Ind. He also was in Detroit, Mich., where he had a nice visit with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Sullivan for three days. They have four children. They have a nice horse and buggy, which cost them $215. They are going to save money enough, to buy a farm in California. Mr. Blood returned to Chicago on the 1st inst.

G. E. Risley and wife of Waterville, N. Y., visited their daughter and son-in-law in Utica, N. Y., from the 28th of last December, until New Year and afterwards their youngest son, and intended to return home, but in consequence of their daughter being taken sudden very sick with rheumatism on the 1st inst., and confined for one and a half weeks, they remained. She is well again Risley and wife returned home on the 12th inst.

Elias P. Cripe, of Goshen, Ind., was educated at the Indiana Institution, where he left last summer. He is now at home with his father. He went to Lagrange Co., with Mr. Henry Prough, a speaking gentleman. He can talk by signs. He said there was a mute named Goom lived with him several years ago. Mr. Goom is now in Missouri with Henry's brother. Elias was very much pleased to talk to Mr. Prough's relatives during the four days he was with them. There are three mute brothers in Goshen. Their name are Berryman.

#### A Deaf-Mute's False Fiancee.

The deaf-mute who sells newspapers in Jamaica, L. I., recently drew his savings ($140) from the bank and went to New York to get married. He returned yesterday without a wife or money. He alleges that the woman got possession of the money and disappeared.—*New York Herald, February 3.*

Mr. M. Leary, of North Tarrytown, N. Y. writes: "I noticed in last week's JOURNAL about "Glamorgan Deaf and Dumb Mission" at Cardiff, I was much interested in it. It was said that Mr. E. Rowland is a deaf-mute graduate of Mr. Melville's school at Llandaff, Wales, but this is a mistake. He was educated and graduated at the Cambrian Deaf-mute Institution at Swansea, Wales. He was my old classmate there, and also I was partly taught by Mr. Melville when he was the Principal of this Institution.

"I correspond with him often, but have heard nothing from him for a long time. I congratulate him on his success in the mission. I received a welcome letter from Mr. A. Melville some time ago. I was very glad to learn that he and his beloved deaf and dumb wife work it to the best of their ability and they were much thankful for the blessing that has attended their labors.

"Many of their pupils were well instructed in the Bible, and their conduct is exemplary which is a comfort to them.

"Mr. Melville resigned his position at Swansea, because some of the directors did not agree with him on account of his religion. He is a true Christian and God-fearing man. Then he founded the School for the Deaf and Dumb at Llandaff, in 1862. You are sending to Mr. Mitchell papers. His wife was taught there by Mr. Melville. I will send a note to you in this letter and the "Cambarian" newspaper where I used to work as a compositor nineteen years ago. It was established in 1804."

J. N. Austin was pleased to read Rev. Turner's interesting letters, and was also glad to hear of W. Swartz's visits in some counties of Pennsylvania, and that his health had been improving.

J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., had a narrow escape from death by a tamarack tree falling on him. His left shoulder was injured, but not seriously. He is coming round all right.

In reply to Charles Goelitz, of Reading, Pa., Thomas Breen's address is S. E. 13th and Cherry Sts., Philadelphia. Mr. Breen says he would be glad to hear from him, as he has not seen him for ten years.

George Washington Allen, one of the first pupils of the Hartford school, died suddenly of cramps in the stomach, at Canterbury, Ct., on Saturday, January 28th, aged 79 years. He was buried on Tuesday, January 31st.

Rev. Mr. Mann's address is No. 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio. This is mentioned because inquiries are frequently made by those wishing to write to him. He will be very glad to hear from all who desire the Church's services.

R. A. Gelder, of Williams, Ia., has sold all his tools and is now doing chores for a farmer for his board. Billy Morris, of Ackley, Ia., visited him for one day. He would like deaf-mutes when in Williams to visit him, as he is very lonely at times.

W. G. Myers, of Kansas City, Mo., says there are twenty four deaf-mutes there. He wants Rev. Dr. Gallaudet or Rev. Job Turner to come and preach to them. He was in Olathe, Kansas for three days, and had a splendid time. He is doing well at carpentering.

Wm. D. Munger attended the deaf-mutes' Bible class for the first time on Sunday Jan. 29, at 2 o' clock P.M., in West Stratford, Ct. Seven mutes were present. Next Sunday another meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Nevers, East Bridgeport, Ct.

Mr. Amos L. Clark, a brother-in-law of J. N. Austin, came to Brigewater, Pa., from Unidallin, N. Y., on a visit to J. N. and W. P. Austin's folks and his little boy, (whom his mother and sister take care of). He expects to start for his home with his little boy next week. His wife died October 3d, 1880.

An unusual marriage ceremony was recently performed by Rev. Dr. Queal, of Canandaigua, it being the marriage of John Dougherty, of Watkins, to Miss Lizzie Barry, of Canandaigua, both parties being deaf mutes. Conversation was carried on by the aid of an interpreter.—*Rochester Democrat Chronicle.*

Owing to the terrific snow storm of last Saturday, only four of the Twilight Union's members were present at Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood's residence, the appointed place of meeting. No business was transacted. The evening being spent in pleasant sociality. Two ladies braved the storm, and were present. Why could not the other members do the same.

A very attractive feature of the Indianapolis Institution weekly prayer-meeting, is the rendering of hymns in the sign language by a chosen number of girls, under the instruction of Miss Alice H. Freeman, (the latest addition to the corps of teachers). Miss Freeman is a very graceful sign-maker, as well as a *number one teacher*, and we predict for her a brilliant future in the deaf-mute world.

On Christmas, 16 mutes attended a deaf-mute party at Mr. and Mrs. Austin's, in Montrose, Pa. They were much disappointed that J. Kochler could not come to the party, and speak on religion and other subjects, but they had an enjoyable time playing various games, telling stories, &c. The names of those who were present are Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Benninger, Mr. and Mrs. Marble Benninger, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Knapp, Miss H. O'Hara, Manning Shay, W. P. Austin and some speaking folks, friends of J. N. and W. P. Austin.

We take the following from *The Parish Record*, of Washington, D. C., for January, 1882.

"The service for deaf-mutes was well attended on Sunday last. From twenty-five to thirty mutes were present. The afternoon was bright and the hour just that at which our beautiful church looks most beautiful. But the great joy was to be able to tell these brethren of that 'King in His beauty' whom they may see in the sanctuary above, where 'the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.' Many thanks to Professor Fay of the 'National College for Deaf Mutes' for his kindness in acting as interpreter."

In reply to "A Woonsocket Boy," whose article appeared in your last issue regarding "Little Rhody." I was not surprised on reading to the effect that "Fair Play" was at the Boston Levee, and spent most of his time in talking with Messrs. Holmes, Frisbee and the writer. While I had the pleasure of interviewing with him and his chum friend, I readily found out by their talk that he was "Fair Play," and also saw that he was not well posted in regard to our recent affairs. I told it not only to Messrs. Frisbee and Holmes, but to the others also. Let me add that either "Fair Play," or his "chum" friend regularly send to the *Frontiersman* the articles regarding "Boston," and write under the *non de plume* of "Rixty-Hixty." while the articles appear to come from Boston, they live in or near Rhode Island.—G. A. HEWHALL.

#### He Suspects the Man.

J. A. Cornell, of 444 West Indiana Street, reported at the Central station last evening that his house had been robbed of a black overcoat, a blue sack suit, a railroad pass good for a trip between Chicago and Escanaba, and $33 in cash. He suspects a man giving the name of B. F. Wallace, who called at the house on Saturday and pretended to be deaf and dumb. He appeared to be a man of 26 years, and about 5 feet 8 inches in height.—*Chicago Paper.*

#### Light in the wrong place.

A young man and woman, wishing to be quietly married, went for that purpose to the minister's house. Among the few friends who accompanied them was a deaf and dumb gentleman who was not used to wedding ceremonies.

The minister began to preach, and the mute, looking up and seeing a paper—the license—in his hand, thought he was going to read it, but had not sufficient light. Catching up a lamp, he stepped forward and held it close to the minister's face, not noticing that his eyes were closed.

The bridal pair looked sober: the poor minister, with the light and heat of the lamp falling full on his face, went on; but the spectators with great difficulty restrained their mirth.

When the "Amen" was spoken, the other friends stepped forward to congratulate the happy pair. The innocent mute then set down the lamp and followed their example, unconscious of his blunder, and thinking the merriment was the joyful expression of the party at the happy event.

Mrs. Alice Hanson, of Oberlin, O., is visiting in Columbus, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers, of Bridgeport, Ct., are talking about going to the Levee in New York.

Wm. L. Butcher, formerly of Ansonia, Ct., now resides in Utica, N. Y.

Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., wants to sell his hop poles.

John Lindeman, one of the pupils of the Ohio school, had his wrist injured by falling from a swing.

Mrs. L. D. Wait, of Chillicothe, gave birth to a boy baby, weighing eight pounds, on January the 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens live in Woodford's Corners, Me. They are contented and happy.

John F. Dixon, of Portland, Me., is a great help to his aged parents. He is engaged in painting carriages, furniture, etc.

John W. Pratt, of Middletown, Ct., wishes to know the street and number at which the Twilight Club meets. He expects to attend the Levee.

Mr. W. D. Munger, of Bridgeport, Ct., expects to attend the M. L. A. Levee in New York city, on the evening of Feb. 21st. He graduated from the 44th St., school.

Eddie Ryder, son of Mr. Henry C. Ryder, who is a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, visited the JOURNAL office Tuesday last.

Geo. W. Davis could not go to the Boston Deaf-Mute Society on the 5th inst., because the snow drifts were very hard all day and night. The snow is between two and three feet deep on the roads. Snow-drifts are four feet in depth on the side-walks in Milton, Mass.

Mrs. Ann Bailey and her daughter, Miss Martha Bailey, of St. Louis, have removed from No. 2608 Chouteau Avenue, to No. 609 South Jefferson Avenue, where they will be glad to have all letters and papers from friends directed to them.

Leverett Spencer, a deaf-mute, is a well-to-do farmer and hop grower in Knoxboro, N. Y. He has fifteen grandchildren. His age is 73 years, and his health is excellent. He is a well built man and seven feet high. His wife is 66 years old. Hope they will be blessed as long as they may live.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Volker (*nee* Miss Mary Duquette), of Montreal, Canada,, are doing well since they got married last August. We wish them success and prosperity in the future. Mr. A. E. Volker is still working for Messrs. J. H. Mooney & Sons as a wool puller. He is well known in Montreal as the only one deaf-mute who works in the tannery.

If J. D. had a little more politeness and generosity he would have finished his news about the party in Providence without insulting the two mutes and their friends. He ought to remember that their religion is the religion of his parents and if they despise him and call him vuglar names he must bear in mind that the parents of the mutes, he referred to are more edu ated than to use such language.

A Correspondent in the itemizer of Jan. 26th, inquires what has become of the Social Union naming it "a sort of swell club." Pray why this appellation? Is it because the society includes among its members such men as Professors Jewell, Reaves, Lloyd, Van Tassel, Jones, Messrs. Haight, Newell, Heyman, Guggenheimer, Souneborn, Souweine, and others of refinement, not members of the Twilight society? The social union held its monthly meetings regularly under the management of Mr. E. Souweine. But since his resignation in November last, Frank Senior, who was made his successor on Committee of Arrangements, has neglected to bring the society ogether.

THE TROUBLE THAT CAME FROM MOVING IN AN UNFINISHED HOUSE.—James E. Beller filed a bill in equity yesterday for an injunction against John Talberg, to restrain the latter from interfering with him in the possession of certain premises. He states that he contracted with defendant to build him a dwelling on part lot 16' square 725, which was to have been completed January 26th, and relying on Talberg's promises he surrendered lease of premises occupied by him (Beller) to the owner, and the latter then rented them to a party with the promise of possession on January 15th. Under these circumstances he (Beller) commenced to move in the unfinished house, but the defendant took possession, barricaded the doors, and keeps him out. A temporary order was made. James E. Beller was put on trial in the Police Court yesterday, charged with assaulting John Talberg, who testified that before he turned the house over to the defendant the latter got experts to open the lock, and took possession of the premises. Wednesday witness went to the house, and Beller attempted to put him out, and drew a large revolver, and threatened to blow witness' brains out. Mr. Beller also charged Talberg with assaulting him. The court fined Mr. Belier $1 and dismissed Mr. Talberg.—*Washington Evening Star, Feb. 3, 1882.* [Beller is a graduate of the New York School, and of the National Deaf-Mute College. He is, we believe, a sorter of money orders in the Washington Post Office.]

#### Robbery of an Old Man.

Officer O'Connor arrested Edward Carns, barkeeper at Carney's saloon, on First avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., about four o'clock on the morning of February 6th, on a charge of being a suspicions character. It seems that Carns enticed an old man, who is a deaf mute, and eke outa subsistence by peddling lead pencils, in to the saloon, and, after locking the door, drew a knife upon him, and by signifying in pantomime a determination to have his life if he did not deliver up his cash, succeeded in obtaining from the old man the sum of $2, all the money he had. When the victim was released he acquainted the officer with what had occurred. At the hearing, the defendant was sent to the Workhouse for 30 days.

#### DIED.

MAHONEY.—At the age of twenty-two years, Dennis Mahoney, of this city, calmly passed away. He died without a struggle last Wednesday afternoon (five o'clock, P.M.), and was buried in Calvary Cemetery in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Friday. He had been very sick with consumption for several months past.

### NOTICE.

God willing, there will be a service for Deaf-Mutes in St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, Conn. on Sunday, Feb. 12th, at 3 P.M.

### PHILADELPHIA.

EDITOR JOURNAL: "Hurrah for the Gallows; Guiteau will have to be hanged.

If the mud in the streets of this city was spread out six (6) inches thick, it would make two (2) States each the size of Rhode Island. Will the mutes of that diminutive State reply upon it?

Mr. W. G. H———, who takes up the collection for the Garfield Memorial fund is popularly credited with smiling when a trade dollar is voluntarily contributed and frowning when a half dollar is donated.

Mr. J. N. Ferral is sporting a new suit of clothes and a nine cent cane. He looks splendid.

Rev. Mr. Syle married Mr. Dolbow, of New Jersey, to Miss Emma Weaver, of this city, last Tuesday. They expect to go to the groom's house in New Jersey soon where they will settle down permanently. Prosperity and happiness are the wishes of their mute friends of this city.

Mr. J. C. Devlin came here from Steelton, Pa., for the purpose of bringing his bewitching wife and family to Steelton, Pa., from this city. May good luck attend them in the future.

Messrs. H. P. Arms and J. T. Elwell tendered their resignations as President and secretary respectively, of the C. L. A., but after a "red hot" discussion, the letters of resignation were laid on the table for consideration at the special meeting.

Mr. M. C. Fortescue's, (the venerable retired cottage student of "75") febrile rise was somewhat higher last Friday night at the C. L. A., room Pulse 160⅔, Temperature 73⅘, Respirations, about one thousand and one (1001), while debating for a long (?) time in favor of the above bill being laid on the table.

If the mute plungers of this city would plunge into the city of New York in order to attend the Levee they might get lost.

Your scribe should not forget to congratulate his personal friend, Mr. W. E. Guss, of St. Louis, upon his projected marriage to Miss Bridget (?) Cannon, and the writer hopes to hear of them making a wedding tour to the East and the Ridgway Park.

The writer considers Rev. Job Turner's letters very interesting, and has not room to doubt that you readers take pleasure in perusing such letters in regard to the mutes.

There are 324 pupils in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, according to the daily papers.

Leather Head said that he emphatically advises "Eagle Eye" to change his *nom de plume* to "Dick Dead Eye," which is more appropriate for him because "Dick" reminds Leather Head that he looks like eagle eye, Leather Head added that he knows who he is, but it is not worth a punched dime for him reply to "Eagle Eye."

A mute, whose name I would not mention, pawned his large revolver and a $40 dollar-silver watch for the purpose of purchasing some very stylish clothes, but, alas! the pawn tickets were forfeited after four months, and he thus lost them all. What a foolish fellow he is!!!

Mr. Joe Turner bears his great honors as acting-president of the C. L. A. with exceeding grace.

Mr. J. J. Stevenson, the tallest mute here, was very popular with the small children at the Deaf and Dumb Institution during Christmas day; on the other hand Master Baracharach, the smallest mute here, with the large boys.

Our electric lights, the writer must also again mention as giving so much better light since they have had the globes changed for new ones with the lower half of them ground glass and the uppers half clear. Arrangements have also been made, so that in case of fire no danger is incurred, by simply using a switch or turn off which turns out the lights wherein is the fire, and leaves the rest of the circuit burning, causing no inconvenience or danger by loss of lights or life, as it would do, if the wires were broken and were to strike any one passing by.

The underground system of Telegraphing has also been tested, and proves very successful, and will be introduced gradually.

Mr. Spy jumped to the conclusion that "Defender" is a college student, because he had no time to reply to Hieronymus during the examination at the college.

More news after a while.

Respectfully Yours,
BON TON.

Jan. 29, 1882.

#### Canadian News.

MR. EDITOR:—I have not seen any letters in your paper from this part of the country since I wrote last. So I began to think, why not write another letter. It may be interesting to some mute friends, as I always take great pleasure in reading the letters in your most worthy paper. Well, to begin my short letter.

Yesterday John Luberger, a deaf-mute and I went to pay a visit to our friend, Mr. Wilbur Palmer, who lives near Chateaugay, N. Y. We had a rough time of it in trying to get there. It was such a rough day. The wind was so high and it blew the snow at such a rate, we would scarcely get along. The mute thought we had better retrace our steps and return home, but I determined to go in spite of the storm. Mr. Laberge had his nose nearly frozen, and he had to rub it with his hand, as for myself I am glad to say I escaped without any bodily injury. We were surprised when we got near Palmer's house to find the roads so bad. You may imagine how we left us in my cutter, and no snow. But still we determined to push forward and reach our destination. So we both had to get out and walk. It is a visit I shall long remember.

We had a very pleasant chat. We returned home in the evening. It was a beautiful moonlight night.

Mr. Palmer was graduated from the New York Institution. He stays at home with parents, and is such a help to his father on his farm. He has a very comfortable home. He would like if you or any readers would send him J. B. Herman's address, of Buffalo, N. Y., through the JOURNAL. He had a letter from him some time ago, but lost the address. He talks of him considerably, and would like to have him to make him a good visit next summer. It makes me feel sad when I hear through the JOURNAL that the deaf-mutes are so careless in walking on the railroads. The best thing the can do is to keep away from the tracks.

I have taken your most excellent paper since September, and find it a most excellent and valuable paper for deaf-mutes. I like to read it far better than any other mute papers.

Truly Yours,
JAMES OUTTERSON.

Jan. 31, 1882.

#### Variegated News Summaries of Phila

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—Would you be kind enough to have this below published in your next issue of the JOURNAL, which will probably please your readers?

A sub-committee of the Railroad Committee of Council of this city, to whom had been referred the subject of an Elevated Railroad on Market and other streets, met yesterday. Addresses in favor of the project were made by Messrs George Riddle, Geo. H. Boker, and B. P. Wilson, and for the property owners on Front and Market sts., by Mr Joseph L. Caven. The matter was postponed until the next meeting of the Committee. Hope that the matter will be *adopted* by the council at once. Our lighter griefs have a voice, but the most oppressive are mute.

Don't get sonred with the world, it does not mend matters for you, but it *makes* you very disagreeable to others. Those who think us disagreeable are the better able to be courteous and generous.

The Lecture on "An Evening in Wonderland," was illustrated with stereoscopic, dissolving views, by the means of the calcium light, conducted by Mr. William J. Marshall, of Flitchburg, Mass., on Thursday evening, January 19th, 1882, in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Several mutes of both sex were present, and were very much pleased with the views, but regretted they couldn't hear the oral lecture.

It is supposed that "A jolly old crow" has measued himself to make his "Famous Green Bag," more secured and some days, he will come all right once more.

Mr. John E. Dougherty's friends and acquaintances heartily congratulate him on his good fortune, and wish him and his fair bride all the blessings with which an union of hearts as well as hands can possibly be crowned.

He may know that he has two worlds before him—the general world to which we all belong, and a little domestic world of his own, with the joy of which no strange can intermeddle, as his "single blessedness" was a fallacy. May he have a joyous bridal trip, and may his journey through life be over a pleasant road without any impediment that energy and affection cannot easily overcome. I drink to his health, prosperity—a pledge in which all his friends most cordially join.

The Coming Levee of the M. L. A. is generally considered as a Grand affair.

We sincerely hope that the Levee will prove a grand success, both social and financial.

"Peace," "Eagle Eye," "A jolly old crow," "Mr. Spy," "Leather Head," "Penna. Graduate," "Jewish Eddie," "Cigarmaker Jim," will have the honor of attending the Levee on Feb. 21, where they expect to spend their time in the city until Thursday midnight.

The President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Chirological Lyceum, will pay a flying visit to the Grand Levee of the M. L. A., on Feb. 21. They expect to have a "Boss" time.

Perchance Mr. Spy will go out to the Levee with his best suit and a high hat. He should be careful not to have his hat smashed too "Flat."

We advise Hieronymus to read I. John III.-13.

#### Central Pennsylvania and New Jersey Mission.

REV. H. W. SYLE'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lancaster—St. James S. S. Room, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday, Feb. 1st.

Y. M. C. A. Lyceum, lecture on "How the Deaf are Educated," 8:30 P. M., Thursday Feb. 2nd.

Harrisburg—St. Paul's S. S. Room, at 4 P. M., Friday, Feb. 3d.

York—4 P.M. Sunday, Feb. 5th.

☞ The following dates are given as *probable*, arrangements not having been completed in all cases:

Wilmington, Del., 7:30 P. M. Friday Feb. 10th.

Lambertville, N. J., Tuesday, Feb. 14th.

Allentown, Grace S. S. Room, at 7:30 P. M., Wednesday, Feb. 15th.

Scranton, Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th.

New York, St. Ann's, Sunday, 19th,

### A Blind and Deaf Poet.

(*From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Jan.* 27.)

It may not be known to many—if, indeed, to any—of your readers that there is just over the river in our sister State, Kentucky, a true poet of remarkable genius—Morrison Heady—who is, at the same time, both totally blind and entirely deaf. He has been so for years, and his history, a brief outline of which may hereafter be given to our readers, is a thrilling one, and affords one of the most remarkable instances of the triumph of wonderful intellectual power, indomitable energy and undaunted perseverance over obstacles so many and formidable, that they would be regarded by many persons in similar circumstances absolutely insurmountable.

One of his poems was written with reference to his two-foid loss of sight and hearing, and is entitled:

THE DOUBLE NIGHT; OR, DARKNESS AND SILENCE.

Go bring the harp that once with dirges thrilled,
But now hangs hushed in leaden slumber,
Save when the faltering hand, untimely chilled,
Steals o'er its chords in broken numbers.
It hangs in halls where shades of sorrow dwell—
Where echoless Silence tolls the passing bell—
Where shadowless Darkness weaves the shrouding spell
Of parting joys and parting years.
Go bring it me, sweet friend, and wring thy heart
Of all its pity, all its tears.

As fitful shadows round me gather fast,
And solemn watch my thoughts are holding,
Comes Memory—panoramist of the past,
The rising morn of life unfolding.
Now fade from view all living toil and strife;
Time past is now my present; death my life;
All that exists is obsolete:
While o'er my soul there steals a pensive glow
Of sainted joys that young years only know,
And past scenes looming dimly, rise and throw
Their lengthening shadows at my feet.

I see a morn, domed in by pictured skies;
The dew is on its budding pleasures,
The gladsome early sunlight on it lies,
And to it, from this dark, my pent soul flies,
As misers nightly to their treasures.
And as I look I see a glittering train,
In airy throng across the dream-lit plain,
Come dancing, dancing from the tomb;
Flitting in phantom silence on my sight—
In silence, yet all beautiful and bright—
The ghosts of joy, and hope, and bloom.

But passed me by; their lines of fading light
Tell of decay—of youth's and beauty's blight;
Then, like meteors shimmering through the night,
The vision melts in closing gloom.

Another day in sable vesture clad,
All drear with new-blown pleasures blighted,
Comes blindly groping through the twilight sad,
As one in moonless mists benighted.
O! Day unhappy! Could oblivion roll
Its slumberous billows o'er my shrinking soul,
Thee scarce I could e'en then forget:
A life bereft of light, no memory needs
To tell of night that ne'er to morning leads—
Of day that is forever set.

From yonder sky the moonward sun was torn,
Ere day-dawn's rosy hues had banished;
A starless midnight blotted out of the moon
Ere childhood's dewy joys had vanished,
No slow-placed twilight ushered in the night;
A spangled web, the heavens were swept from sight;
The full moon fled and never waned;
And all of earth that's beautiful and fair
Became as shadows in the empty air—
A boundless, blackened blank remained!

I heard the gates of night, with sullen jar,
Close on the cheerful day forever;
Hope, from my sky, sank like the evening star,
Which finds in darkness zenith never;
For scarce she knew, blithe offspring of the day,
How there to shine when night held boundless sway.
And shapes of beauty, grace and bloom,
And fair-famed joys that once around me danced
Bewildered grew, where sunbeam never glanced,
And lost their way in that wild gloom.

Pensylla, o'er me many sualess years
Have flown since the last beam of heaven,
The soft ascent of morn, through smiles and tears,
The sweet descent of dreamy even—
Or sight of woods and the fields in green arrayed
Vernal resplendence or autumnal shade,
Or winter's gloom, or summer's blaze
Bird, beast, or works that trophy man's abode,
Or he divine, the image of his God,
Met my delighted gaze.

Look, gentle guide! Thou seest the imperial sun
Forth sending far his ambient glory
O'er laughing fields and frowning highlands dun,
O'er glancing streams and woodlands hoary.
In Orient clouds he steeps his amber hair,
With beams far slanting through the flaming air,
Bids earth with all her hymning sounds declare
The praise of everlasting light.
On my bared head I felt his pitying ray—
He loves to shine on my benighted way.
But ah, Pensylla! he brings to me no day,
Nor yet his setting deeper night.

Prime gift of God! That veil'st His sovereign Throne,
And dost of Him in sense remind me,
Blest light of Heaven! Why hast thou from me flown?
To these sad shades, why hast resigned me?
On opinions of surpassing beauty borne,
When Nature hails the glad advance of morn,
In thine unsullied loveliness
Thou comest—but to my darkened eyes in vain.
My night, e'en in the noon of thy domain,
Yields not to thee, since joy of thine again
Can e'er my dayless being bless.

The foregoing beautiful poem, as will be seen, has reference to his blindness only. Its counterpart, and equally beautiful, entitled "Silence," he composed in allusion to his additional calamity total deafness, and it shall be laid before your readers, if you deem it acceptable, in a few days.

CHARLES TAYLOR.

COVINGTON, Ky., January 26, 1882

### Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps our readers will be pleased to learn of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's and Berry's visit at Syracuse, and of their service to the mutes of this city, which occurred at Calvary Church, the first of this month. It was indeed a very pleasant sermon to us silent people, after we had not seen sermons interpreted in the sign-language for some time. We hope hereafter Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will visit Syracuse more frequently. Both of these ministers seemed anxious to show us the way how to become interested in our church, and how to live closer to Christ. We earnestly hope we will not slight their kind advice to us; but will consider the matter seriously and try to lead better lives hereafter. It was indeed a very pleasant surprise when we learned that one of Mr. Wood's little boys was to be baptized that evening by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. There was a pretty large gathering that night. About twenty-two mutes were in attendance.

Mr. Berry is a man who interests himself in the deaf-mutes, competent and genial, and carries in his new position a full realization of his duty, and I am sure if it is in his heart to show his mute friends how to live closer to Jesus. He will be of great benefit, as he expects to take up his abode about ten miles from Syracuse.

May God be with him and bless him in his beautiful and noble work for us, 'tis the desire of a friend who will interest herself in his work.

A SYRACUSAN.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE

## Gymnasium Notes.

## A BLIZZARD.

## Literary Exercises of Interest.

## A SERIES OF PARAGRAPHS

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

We have at length proof that winter, sharp and biting in its temper, rules the hour. For a long time we have been wishing a real snow storm, and we are now enjoying the fulfilment of our desires. Nothing is so exhiliarating as the sight of new-fallen snow, and even the storm which brings it is not without a charm. All day Saturday the snow fell in graceful eddying drifts, the silent gliding of the feathery flakes seeming like fairy creatures dropping to repose. To-day a beautiful sight is to be seen out of doors, where the brightness of the morning sunbeams upon an expanse of sparkling whiteness. All that is common-place or unpleasant is veiled from sight, and made to wear a fresh and dazzling garb.

It is strange what new animation the spirit feels at the sight of snow, and how joyous everything appears. Be the cause what it may, it is beyond dispute that the storm was eagerly welcomed in this neighborhood. The thought of coasting and and its accompanying frolicking made us all anxious for a good fall. However, there are not a few of the students who we believe regret the too intimate acquaintance they were perforce obliged to make with the snow king. There are few young school boys who do not know what a snow ball is, and for the past few days a good many of the students have taken such exercises without any wish on their part. Meanwhile, the college "bobs" have been brought out of the cellar, oiled and put in perfect working order. For the next week or two the average student will be in his glory, whirling down some neighboring hill at a breakneck pace, with nothing else on his mind but the determination to "get ahead of that other fellow." Such is human nature, and we don't think it should be otherwise.

Since our last letter, other additions have been made to the gymnasium drill, the most important is the introduction of dumb bell exercise. For this purpose, the students have been classed into four platoons, each platoon having a captain. The first and second platoon, of which Messrs. Griffin, '83, and Saxton, '82, are Captains respectively, are composed of Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes. The third and fourth platoons consist of Freshmen and Introductory classes. The drill is of a most interesting character, and when seen from a distance presents a splendid spectacle to the observer. Mr. Chickering deserves great credit for his success thus far, and it is believed that by the time the season is over, the drill will be perfectly mastered by each of the four platoons.

LITERARY EVENTS.

On Friday evening, the second literary meeting of the Lit. was held in the Lyceum. On the occasion the programme opened with an Essay by Mr. Reed, '83, his subject being "The Bottom of the Season." After this interesting discourse followed a debate on the question, "Resolved, That a man's mental greatness is due more to his own efforts than to his natural genius." In defense of the Affirmative, Mr. Smith, '83, lead, being assisted by Mr. Danzer, '86. For the Negative, Mr. Robinson, '84, acted as leader, and was assisted by Mr. Orcutt, '86. The debate was of a very exciting character, both sides showing a perfect familiarity with the question. After mature deliberation, the judges decided in favor of the Negative. A dialogue, "The Invention of Printing," was next presented by Messrs. Zeigler, '82, and Trundle, '85, and the exercises closed with a declamation, entitled "The Battle of Buena Vista," by Mr. Kerney, '85.

Yesterday our worthy President was the recipient of numerous congratulations, it being the forty-fifth anniversary of his birth, and the marking of the twenty-fifth year of his connection with the Columbia Institution. When Dr. Gallaudet first reached Washington twenty-five years ago, there was not the least vestige of the great Institution which at present so proudly rears its towers on Kendall Green. He was then a youth, animated with a purpose and a determination to succeed; he is now a man of middle age—with that purpose well-nigh completed and a living monument of his success. Few men live to see their good works blossom out to full growth, but we trust Dr. Gallaudet may be an exception to this rule.

PARAGRAPHS.

Fine weather for coasting.

Booker's friends are pleased to see him out of the hospital, and doing well.

The Juniors, with Prof. Chickering, paid a visit to the Government Printing office on Friday afternoon.

The first and second platoons have ordered gymnasium suits from Saks & Co.

The member, of '83, went on a racket last Saturday afternoon, and had a rousing time.

It is probable that the annual complimentary hop by the undergraduates to the graduating class, will take place in May.

Next Friday evening, Professor Draper will deliver a lecture in the Lyceum on "Washington Irving."

President Arthur is to visit the college next month. On the occasion, the opening gymnastic exhibition and drill will probably be held.

A number of Washingtonians expect to attend the M. L. A. Levee on Feb. 21st.

From present appearances, the "bobs" will be ready to-day to resume work on the neighboring hills.

Prof. Gordon delivers weekly lectures on chemistry before the students of the Washington Collegiate Institute.

Snow baths are the rage, but they are by no means taken voluntary by the young 'uns, who are pitched head first through the huge drifts.

Students are becoming fearful "mashers." One of the large panes in the dining room windows was knocked out recently.

If we could reach that comp. who changed our "Mediæval Administration of Justice," into "Medical Administration of Justice" we would consign him to a place where medical advice would be totally unnecessary.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Feb. 6, 1882.

### To the Pittsburgh Deaf-Mutes.

"Imperator's" suggestion of the organization of a *Reading Society* is what I most heartily approve. It would be, indeed, a most important one for the mutes of that eminent city and its importance and usefulness might not be surpassed by any other organization of theirs.

The student, after finishing his school life, could make it of valuable assistance in his or her future pursuits of education. Many after leaving school think they have finished their education and lay aside their books forever. This is a great mistake. They should receive the reproof which Dr. Benjamin Rush gave to a young physician, who spoke of the time when he finished his studies. "When you finished your studies," said Dr. Rush, "Why you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine as long as I live." Persons of such opinions need the guidance of experienced minds. Such a social organization would have a great influence over them. Most other cities where deaf-mutes of high mental culture reside, are not without a literary society. In Philadelphia there are five which are quite familiar to the readers of the JOURNAL. New York may also contain several, also Boston and many other cities in America. Now should Pittsburg be without one, or should it refuse the benefit of it? Not by any means can I believe that any one will answer in the affirmative. As for *reading*, it is one of the most common and important branches of education. The improvement of the mind, the culture of taste and acquisition of knowledge are derived from the art. It makes them acquainted with the passing events and occurrences in the various parts of the world, and enables them to repeat the sentiments of those who have existed in former times. It gives them more life, and a more elegant style of writing. It is a great privilege to have good books and be able to read them well. They instruct persons in their duty and teach them how to behave. They are true friends and excellent councillors and agreeable companions. They comfort them in their distress and afflictions, and make the leisure hours pass away pleasantly and usefully, which, no doubt, many spend in quarreling, telling idle tales, silly joking and talking scandal, which, as I often observed, is familiar to deaf-mutes.

I hope my brief article will receive the attention of those deaf-mutes, and I hope that other writers will write something about it.

Yours, etc,
H. DE LEON.

PHILA., 1-31-82.

### Minnesota Items.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Frank Esselstine bade adieu to Iowa about three weeks ago, stopping at Faribault, Minn., he made a visit at the deaf-mute school, staying there three days. He had a fine time. He afterwards went to Minneapolis to see his friends who are in the drug business. He used to live in Osage, Ia. He found about ten deaf-mutes in that city. Five or six of them are working in the cooper shop. They can make from twenty to to fifty barrels a day.

Leaving Minneapolis, Mr. Esselstine went to Motley, Minn., where he has secured employment at chopping railrond ties for the winter. There are five deaf-mutes at that place. Their names are N. Nilson, John and William Martin, Mrs. Mary Martin, *nee* Miss M. Forey, and Miss Julia Salonick. They were all educated at Faribault, Minn.

Mr. Wm. Martin has taken a farm under the "Homestead Act" and has plenty of timber. He expects to build a new house next spring.

Mr. Nilson is a very intelligent mute, and works here principally for his health.

Miss Florence Cole, of Minneapolis, Minn., says she thinks of going to New York to school some time next Fall.

A NEBRASKA ROVER.

# NEW YORK.

## Napoleon I, Versus Washington.

## PLEASANT SURPRISE PARTY

## Dennis Mahoney No More.

## RANDOM SHOTS

An awful calamity occurred in this city last Tuesday morning. The Potter Building situated in Printing House Square, one of the finest and largest in that portion of the city, went up in thin smoke. It is doubtless unknown that one person partly deaf, perished in the flames. This is assistant Foreman Harris, of the *New York Observer*. His body has been found, burned almost beyond recognition.

One of the chief editors on that paper is Rev. Dr. Stoddard, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Institution.

We were personally acquainted with several of the hands employed on that paper, and had only passed the structure a few hours before the awful event occurred which hurried so many souls into eternity.

The story of Foreman Cunningham would, no doubt, be an interesting one. For about fifty years connected with the paper, rising from devil to boss, and finally being killed at his post, would be a most interesting sketch of metropolitan journalism.

Deaf-mutes who subscribe for the paper, of which there are a great many, need not be anxious about receiving it, as it will be published as usual.

On the same day as the above fire, one of the heaviest snow storms of the season occurred. What may seem beautiful snow to those living in the country, was by no means beautiful in this busy mart of trade. As quick as it fell it became a blackish slush, and in some places could not be distinguished from the ground it fell on. All the surface roads had four horses attached to their cars.

The electric lights on Madison and Union Squares shine forth brilliantly every night, and they light up the neighborhood for several blocks around, and make talking easy for deaf-mutes.

Metropolitan deaf-mutes who are so lucky as to be able to skate, are enjoying themselves hugely in Central Park, and Brooklyn deaf-mutes are doing likewise in Prospect Park.

We hope to see a goodly number of Fanwood pupils at the Levee. The hall is convienent—more so, indeed, than to those in the city to the Institution—and as trains now run all night, they could leave at any time.

If they come, they will be sure to receive a cordial reception, and we also hope to see the instructors of the same place, not forgetting Dr. Peet and Dr. Porter.

The debate before the C. L. U., on February 1st, was a very interesting one, and shows that there is a goodly number of excellent sign makers among the members.

The question was as follows: "Which was the greatest soldier, Napoleon or Washington?" Messrs. G—— and Colby debated on Napoleon I., and did some good work, and Messrs. Shelton and Leonard debated on Washington and also did telling work, but the chief interest was centered in the volunteers, of whom the first was Mr. Charles O'Brien, and who by his graceful signs and splendid argument held the attention of the audience.

The above supported Napoleon I. Mr. J. F. Donnelly took part for Washington and was followed by Mr. J. P. Donohue for Napoleon I. When another volunteer was called for for Washington none responded, so Mr. Donnelly took the floor again. Finally Napoleon I. was declared the greater of the two by a majority of one.

Mr. Charles O'Brien asked if he would be allowed to become a member, and as no one objected, he will join the Union at the next meeting.

John Hogan, who has not attended the meetings of the Union for some time, has been suspended, and if he does not toe the mark at the next meeting and show good and true reasons for his non-attendance, he will cease to be a member of the Association.

Two members joined the Association during January, and it is expected that as many more will join during the ensuing month.

The following is from a recent issue of the New York *Sun* and needs, no explanation:

FRESH SORROW FOR AN UNFORTUNATE.

A deaf and dumb man who sells newspapers at the railroad depot in Jamaica, L. I., recently drew his savings, $140, from the bank and went to New York to get married. He has returned without either wife or money, and has made it known that the woman got possession of the money and disappeared.

We have often heard of a deaf-mute newsman who sold papers along the Long Island railroad, and it is probably him. He made a mistake in going for a hearing woman, and if he had a little common sense he would remember the old saying that "birds of one feather flock together." There are plenty of marriageable mute ladies in the Metropolis, who would doubtless be happy to get the chance of escaping from becoming ugly old spinsters.

At 7:30 P.M., last Tuesday, January 31, about thirty deaf-mutes assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, in Harlem, and thence proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Bailey, on East 116th street. It was a surprise party, and in truth, Mrs. Bailey seemed considerably surprised. The party assembled in the parlor of her residence, and Mrs. Bailey was informed some one wished to see her. When she entered the parlor, she was considerably surprised to see the number of persons present. Before she had quite recovered herself, "Prof." Reynolds, of the "Twilight Club," stepped forward, and in a neat little speech, explaining the meaning of the party, etc., presented her with an elegant basket of flowers.

The hostess then hastened to entertain her guests; overcoats, hats, cloaks and bonnets were quickly laid aside, and the fun began.

Dancing, games, and other methods of passing a pleasant evening, whiled away the time.

Forfeits, as it always does, offered the most amusement. Three judges were chosen in quick succession. The first was Alex. Dezendorf.

The next was Johnny O'Brien, who conducted himself in a creditable manner, and when his stock gave out and he made way for Mr. Waters, who did some first-rate work.

Geo. L. Reynolds, the champion beau, of Brooklyn, was obliged to sit in a very undignified position on the floor, and then commanded to make the sign for "mock," "laugh" and "grin" and he did it, and in a way he only knows how to.

Lanciers, the Virginia reel, waltzing etc., followed the games in quick succession, and when supper was announced at 12 o'clock everybody was ready to partake of it.

The table fairly groaned under the feast spread upon it. All climes seemed to have contributed their share to make up what is vulgarly called a "stunning feast."

There was enough to feed three times as many persons as sat down at the table, and everybody did full justice to the viands.

After supper, games were resumed till the "wee sma' hours," and everybody left fully satisfied with the evening's enjoyment.

This party is thought by many to have exceeded the Twilight Club's previous efforts, and the management of the affair reflects great credit on the persons in whose hands it was.

The toilets of the ladies were, to say the least, simply beautiful. Silks, diamonds and other expensive stuffs, were by no means scarce. This is true of the ladies hailing from the "City of Churches."

Among those present we noticed Mr. and the charming Mrs. Pownall, Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, Mrs. Keilt, Miss Weinberger, Miss Shute, Miss Reed, Miss Ludwig, Miss McIlvaine, Miss Renode, Miss Fleuhr, Miss Gunn, Miss Gray; Messrs. Reynolds, Wilkinson, Waters, O'Brien, Dezendorf, Tobin, Stengele, "Beau" Greis, and several speaking and hearing ladies, who greatly added to the evening's enjoyment.

The old folks seemed equally delighted with the evening's entertainment. No doubt it brought back by-gone days when they too entered in with as much spirit in such games.

WILD OATS.

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen—
Then fly for boot and horse, lad,
And around the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

"When all the world is old, lad,
When all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find a face there
You loved when you were young."

The next surprise party will be held in Brooklyn, and it is said it will be one of the best efforts of the "Club."

The M. L. A.'s election came off last Thursday, the 2nd inst., and it is reported that Mr. Wilkinson was elected President, and John Hogan, Secretary.

Several members of the Lyceum, in Philadelphia, we are informed, intend attending the levee, and also several representatives from the "Hub" will be on hand. Over 100 tickets have already been sold.

Dennis Mahoney, who was reported as dying in last week's JOURNAL, died last Wednesday. He was buried the following Friday (Feb. 7th).

The attendance at both St. Ann's and St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday was smaller than usual, owing to the heavy fall of snow on the previous evening.

Heaven is the magazine wherein God puts
Both good and evil; prayer's the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure; 'tis a key
Whose wards are Faith and Hope and Charity.
Would'st thou prevent a judgment due to sin?
Turn but the key, and thou may'st lock it in.
Or would'st thou have a blessing fall upon thee!
Open the door, and it will shower on thee.

X. X. X.

# A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

## Second Event of the Season

## BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, SLY GLANCES, ETC.

## Here, There and Everywhere.

Friday evening, January 27th, Mrs. W. R. Corwin's cosy, hospitable home was all ablaze with coal fires and gaslight and the scene of a merry, merry gathering, it being a birthday party, in honor of the teacher from "My Michigan," A. H. Freeman. About twenty persons were present, and conspicuous among them were Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vail, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houdyshell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bierhaus, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lee, Indiana's belle, "Bella L.," Miss S. L. D. Summers, Mr. Augusta Jutt, Mr. Charles Gregory and several others.

'T was a birthday party, but several of the ladies were elegantly arrayed in full dress costumes, and even diamonds and orange blossoms.

Choice refreshments were served, *a la* hotel fashion, to the guests in the dining room.

Games and forfeits were chiefly indulged in by all, and there was considerable fun over those who "had to do just what they didn't wish to do."

Five of the guests were so deeply engrossed in card playing, that they had no time to look at or even join in the rest of the fun.

Among the birthday presents to Miss Freeman were a lovely silver napkin ring from Mr. and Mrs. Bierhaus, with exquisitely wrought butterflies engraved on it. Perhaps it meant that Miss Freeman was a butterfly, but did'nt you know her "butterfly days" are waning very fast. Next came an elegant collar of thread and Spanish lace with a dear little tidy, from Mrs. J. L. Houdyshell; a thread lace breakfast cap with satin ribbon bows from Mrs. Corwin, a nice birthday card from Mr. Augusta Jutt, and last, but not least, a picture of "Mignon" and "Bella L.," in very graceful attitudes, looking the picture of loveliness. Don't some of you "college boys" wish you had one or two. Perhaps you will get one for a valentine, but we are not sure. All wished Miss Freeman many happy returns of the day, and Mrs. S. J. Vail expressed a wish that she would live to see the millenium and not alone either. Miss Freeman's thanks are due to her many friends who so kindly remembered her, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Corwin for giving us the party and trying to make it such a pleasant event; as it will long be cherished and remembered by her. Hope other parties will follow suit ere long, to kill spare timehere.

Mrs. William Corwin, assisted by her husband, has faithfully performed her duty as leader of the "Pupils Prayer Meeting" this year. Some of her lectures have been interesting and instructive, also delivered in a very impressive manner.

Mr. Bierhaus and Mr. Gregory are the champion skaters here, while Mr. Jutt is the "boss Librarian," and his skill and taste in arranging books has no parellel here, and our library is a model of neatness and attractiveness to all observers.

"Mignon" needs a new name, and let the Fates decree it "Sister of Mercy," for she is truly a ministering angel to the sick "school marms," and her deeds of mercy act like a magical charm, equalling cart loads of M.D.'s phials and powders.

What will "Rosebud" take for the treasure she fished out of the "Rhine" the other day?

"Mignon," "Lady of Lyons," "Rosebud" and "Newcomer," may daily be seen lingering at the table, the principal theme of conversation being the "Opera and Opera Stars," so you see we are "dead gone" over such, and often may be seen making a "bee-line" for Park Theatre or English Opera House.

Mrs. Bierhaus is very busy making fancy work, preparatory to going to housekeeping in the future, and Mr. Bierhaus has not been seen with a cigar for ages, which indicates he is studying practical economy.

"Mignon" and "Rosebud" are laying in a new stock of goods, as we hear the "whir and buz" of the sewing machine far in the night. Wonder what is up? Contemplate a trip to "Long Isle and the Catskills?"

"To err is human and to forgive is Divine." Considering this, we hope "Mignon" will freely and fully forgive us for usurping her lawful rights that of being "Indiana's JOURNAL Correspondent." But we are bubbling over with interesting news, and have an irresistible desire to fill the ranks once more, "only for a little while," feeling confident we can banish the frowns. We have taken a bold step any way.

The following lines accompanied the napkin-ring given by Mr. and Mrs. Bierhaus:

"As each succeeding year rolls past,
To the great eternal end,
May each more happy than the last
To thee a gracious Heaven send.

"May every joy we mortals know,
Be thine while life shall last,
May every bliss that Heaven can show,
Be thine when life is past."

A. NEWCOMER.

1-31-82.

### IOWA INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I had intended to begin this letter with the announcement that snowflakes were falling, and that I thought we might be able to enjoy a sleigh ride soon, but the snowflakes have disappeared entirely, and there is no hope of a sleigh ride now.

Four additional pupils have been added to our number since I last wrote.

James Simpson, last year a teacher of the first class in this Institution, is now Superintendent of the Dakota School for the Deaf and Dumb. The school is reported as being in a flourishing condition, and increasing in the number of its pupils.

Our Superintendent, Rev. A. Rogers, has a new desk which was made by the boys in the carpenter shop. It is a handsome one, and he seems to be justly proud of it.

Mr. C. Spruit, one of our gentlemen teachers, delivered his first lecture in the chapel last Monday morning. It was very good, considering the short experience he has had in teaching the deaf and dumb. He came here last fall with no knowledge of the sign-language whatever, since then he has improved rapidly in its use.

Three members of the Legislature are here on a tour of inspection. The Trustees of our Institution are also here.

The girls seem to have given up dancing, and settled down for the remainder of the term.

The little daughter of one of our deaf-mute teachers (Edwin Southwick) although only fifteen months old, is learning signs rapidly.

Mr. Conrad Zorbough gives the new teachers sign lessons this year.

There are two axes hanging in the main hall. They were only recently put there. They excited the curiosity of some of our younger pupils, who inquired why they were put there, and were told that they were to be used in case of fire but they misunderstood their informant, and thought there was to be a fire, started the following night to destroy the Institution. They immediately ran to their rooms and began packing their trunks. More news soon.

SAMANTHA JANE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., Feb. 1, 1882.

### Successful Surprise Party.

TENDERED BY THE TWILIGHT CLUB.

On the evening of January 31st, a large number of New York and Brooklyn mutes met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger in Harlem, N. Y., and then proceeded to the home of Mrs. Hattie Bailey, who resides with her sister, Mrs. Moore, for the purpose of taking the former named lady by surprise, but in which object they were rather disappointed, as by some unfortunate accident our worthy friend had received a slight inkling of what was about to take place. This last affair of the Twilights eclipsed any thing of the kind ever tendered by any of the several New York Clubs.

The guests were of the most select kind, and numbered about 35 or 40. Many of the ladies would have done credit at the court of some foreign Prince. It was surprising to notice their neat appearance, considering the condition of the weather. Several of them wore costumes of the finest silks and velvets.

While the storm king was holding his fierce sway without, everything was solid comfort and pleasure within, and the smiling countenance of Mrs. Moore, showing that we were not unwelcome visitors, did much to enlighten our spirits.

In adjourning room, Mr. Wilkinson was busily engaged stuffing the President with a choice selection of remarks relative to his address in the presentation to Mrs. Bailey of an elegant basket of flowers as a token of the respect and esteem in which she is held as a friend of the Twilighters.

The games opened with the scattering of the contents of a scrap bag which was held at the end of a poker in the hands of some enterprising member mounted on a chair and at which a blindfolded lady struck wildly with a short pole, making several strokes that would have put a knight of the brass buttons and baton to the blush.

When the contents were finally scattered by a well directed blow there was a helter skelter sort of rush for the possession of the scattered contents, which proved to be mottoes, candies, etc. After which came forfeits, lanciers, Post Office, etc.

At 12 P.M., a grand march for the dining room was formed, where stood a large centre table almost reeling under its weight of tropical fruits, confectionery, etc.

Afte supper, a renewal of the games took place, which were kept up till about 6 A.M., when the company dispersed, well plessed with their night's enjoyment, and under a bright moon which lit up the white shroud-like covered streets to almost full daylight, we sallied out for our several homes.

The Brooklynites held quite a high carnival on the elevated train.

Mrs. Moore deserves the thanks of all who were present for placing her entire house and contents at our disposal.

# FANWOOD.

## A Very Successful Entertainment.

## GLEANINGS OF A WEEK.

*(From our New York Correspondent.)*

About fifty of the male pupils repaired to the scene of the late fire on Park Row, last Saturday. Pedestrians who passed that way doubtless wondered if a menageria had not broken loose.

A Mr. Schwott, who has just landed in this country from Germany, was up here Thursday last. He is a lithographer by trade. He said he made the acquaintance of Mr. Leow while that gentleman was in Europe last summer.

Dr. Peet's lectures are always interesting. The one he is to deliver before the M. L. A. on February 23d, will doubtless be a super-extra one. If it is good sleighing on that evening, let some of the officers shell out, and hire a sleigh and invite "Grace H.," and the rest of the girls to witness it. What say?

The brother of Prof. Currier expects to sail for Europe by the steamship Arizona, March 1st. He will remain away for three or four months.

Prof. Clarke has been unable to attend to his duties for the past week or so, on account of a severe cold.

The pupils of the Illinois School have raised $50 in aid of the Garfield Memorial Fund. Surely Fanwood can raise at least $100. Let her fall into line immediately.

Louis Aby, while at dinner last Thursday, was attacked with fits and immediately removed to the hospital. He is all right at present.

What did Ed. Van Damme, of the National College, mean by that disjointed unrhythmical nonesense in last week's JOURNAL, anyhow? We are capable of understanding nearly every thing the paper contains, but we got floored there.

The girls are as busy as bees on their outfits for the coming masquerade. They flit silently about with mysterious and stealthy movements, and refuse to answer a question in regard to the matter. The proposed project of inviting some outsiders to take part has been abandoned, the authorities not deeming it advisable. However, we do not think visitors are prohibited from attending.

An old-time theatrical entertainment was enacted in the boys' sitting room Saturday evening last. The play was entitled

"ABE THE PIONEER,"

and was very satisfactorily gone through with. The names of the actors, who are among our youngest and most intelligent youth, with the characters which they represented, are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| C. Schmidt | Indian Chief. |
| C. Thompson | Negro. |
| C. Mull | Buffalo Bill. |
| H. Zorn | Outlaw. |
| H. Held | Female. |
| B. Gallagher | Chinese boy. |
| L. Brede | Outlaw. |
| J. Stratton | Mexican. |
| P. Brede | Rumseller. |
| P. Dackermann | Female. |

Considering the limited amount of time at their disposal for the arrangement of scenery, etc., and their inexperience in theatrical matters, the young amateurs are justly entitled to praise, not only for the creditable manner in which the programme was carried out, but for their success in holding the attention of such a critical audience, as a deaf-mute assemblage is always prone to be, for upwards of two hours. Each of the youthful aspirants for future glory performed his part remarkably well, but for real solid acting commend us to B. Gallagher, in the *rolè* of "Chinese boy." His superiority may rightly be attributed to the fact that he is a type-slinger of no mean ability, for were not our most eminent actors in the outside world at one time handlers of the stick? It is to be regretted the girls were not permitted to witness the performance, for we would have liked to see them turn green with envy at the admirable manner in which P. Dackermann and H. Held personated the sex. The scenery was the same painted by Mr. John Carlin for the Fanwood Theatrical Club many years ago, and familiar to many a graduate. Perchance if that respectable old gentleman had witnessed Saturday evening's entertainment, he would have gone away with the comfortable reflection that it had been put to good use, and that his labors had not been in vain.

It is truly remarkable with what skill James H. Caton, the blind mute, manages his sled. Let him but once glide down the hill, piloted by some one, and it is not necessary for a guide to accompany him again. He remembers every curve and knoll, and dashes down with as much recklessness as those who are possessed of sight. Now and again, however, some one gets in his way, and both turn graceful somersaults in the air and land in a snow bank. On these occasions, James gets mad and roundly denounces the unfortunate youth who has marred his pleasure. This sport has a beneficial influence on James. It makes him forget his threefold loss, and makes his life more bearable.

The snow is on the ground—it is deep, it is soft,
Fanwood's youth rejoiceth while he flings his hat aloft—
His joy's soon turned to sorrow, for the unerring arm of Rose
Lets fly a snowball and whacks him on the nose

Miss Hannah Kevitt, of Passaic, N. J., expected to visit her numerous friends here last week, but for some reason has decided to wait until spring.

Gen. Hagadorn, father of Miss C. V. Hagadorn, drawing teacher visited her last Friday.

Dennis Mahoney is dead. He departed this life last Wednesday. His last words were: "I am going to heaven." We sincerely hope he has gone there. No deaf-mutes attended the funeral, as his death was not made known until after the burial. He was buried Friday last in Calvary Cemetery. Just before his death he consigned to the care of his mother a trinket for Charles D. Newton, a High Class pupil, who was his intimate friend and associate while at school. His death is universally regretted by all the pupils.

Mr. Theodore Peet, nephew of our Principal, sails for Europe May 1st. He remains in Rome, Italy, for the next two years in the pursuit of musical knowledge. *Bon voyage.*

A new High Class pupil (male) has been admitted on trial. His name is Wanzel, and five years ago he attended the Forty-fourth Street School.

The office of the New York *Observer* was totally destroyed in the great fire on Park Row last Tuesday. Rev. C. A. Stoddard, one of the editors connected with that paper, is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Institution. He and his brother-in-law, had a narrow escape. They saved themselves by creeping along a window ledge to the next building.

GRACE H.

### "Terwilleger Speaks Right out Loud on the Subject of Deaf-Mute Journalism.

A LITTLE ADVICE FOR THOSE DEAF-MUTES WHO KNOW ALL ABOUT RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

The deaf-mute journalist knows all the news. Therefore he is said to have a nose for news.

He is a man of parts—part modesty and part truthfulness. He has great regard for the truth, and appoaches it only with diffidence and awe.

His modesty is so great that when he secures an exclusive article of news he never brags about it—until after it is in print.

The prime article in the creed of the journalist is that it is not right to get left; and many a prime article he gets in consequence.

The journalist is a reflector of the times, but he has little time for reflection, nevertheless.

The life of the journalist is one continued round of pleasure. It is made up of attending all the deaf-mute parties within a radius of a hundred miles, eating fried bananas and walking about the streets. Any deaf-mute fool can become a journalist, but it is not becoming a journalist to be a deaf-mute fool.

Every mute pays court to the journalist—every mute that wants to get his name in the paper—and that is all most mutes feel called upon to pay.

He is not required to have ideas, everybody is willing to supply him all he needs and more. The journalist does not have to work very hard.

He is scarcely ever busy more than twenty-six hours out of twenty-four. The rest of the time he can give to sleep or work.

There is said to be honor among thieves; but the journalist is not a thief. The journalist is always ready and willing to help his fellow mutes—when he can get ahead of them.

He never tells a falsehood, though he will lie all day for an item.

When he sees a wrong, he writes it at once.

The journalist is the mute of the age—mucilage.

The journalist handles the Archimedean lever that moves the deaf-mute world. Archimedes had no foundation to rest this lever upon, and much that the journalist writes has the same airy basis.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose the journalist makes the news. The news makes him.

The brightest journalists, it is said, are graduates of the case; but this is denied by those who never worked at the case. Therefore let us rest our case here.

Deaf-mutes, if you would be good and great; if you would be respected of all men; if you would get your food, raiment, amusements, travelling expenses, etc., gratis; if you would lead an active and useful life, and escape the dangers inherit to riches, be a journalist.

TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, Esq.

### Lines for an Album.

"We may write our names in Albums
We may trace them in the sand
We may chisel them in marble
With a firm and skilful hand;
But the pages soon will tarnish
Soon each name will fade away.
But dear friend there is an Album
Full of leaves of snowy white
Where no names will ever tarnish
But are always pure and bright
In that book of life—God's Album—
May your name be penned with care
And may all who here have written
Find their names forever there."

Man trusts in God; He is eternal. Woman trusts in man; and he is shifting sand.

### Interesting Letters.

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA,
Friday, Jan. 27, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—This is my first visit to Danville, Va., a pleasant town containing nine thousand inhabitants. I never saw so many tobacco manufactories in one place. I have noticed quite a large number here. The people are getting rich from them. I am informed that several negroes are well off and live in fine houses.

I got here last night, and should have filled my appointment promptly but have put it off to Sunday, February 5th, to suit the venerable rector better. He has been rector of this church *forty-seven years.* He says he never had any other than this church. He has three sons and one son-in-law, *all ministers of the Episcopal church.* He is a venerable looking gentleman with a long white beard, and is held in great respect by all who come in contact with him.

You would, doubless, be pleased with him, so lovely is his countenance. He says he was ordained in 1840 by the late Bishop Moore, the second bishop of the diocese of Virginia, with whom I had the great privilege and pleasure of shaking hands in Goochland, Va., in that year.

We, the Episcopalians of Virginia, have had *five bishops* in about two hundred years, four of whom I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with. The first bishop—Bishop James Madison, a cousin of the late President James Madison, was ordained in England, and came over to Virginia where he held his sacred position till 1812. The first Episcopal bishop consecrated in America was the Rt. Rev. Thomas John Claggett, D. D., of Maryland. His ordination took place in 1792, and his death in 1816.

This morning I called on a young deaf-lady, Miss Macca M. Harvey, whom my son Charles taught in Staunton, Va. She learned articulation under him. She lost her hearing by meningitis at the age of nine years and went to Staunton to school at that of eleven. She says she has been deaf only ten years, and expects to recover her hearing this summer. From her spelling on her fingers, I call her a well educated lady.

I met a gentleman on the Richmond and Pittsburg train yesterday, who spelt out "Love." I asked him how he learned our alphabet, and he replied that he learned it from a manual alphabet card.

I was informed in Richmond, Va., that there are a good many deaf-mutes living in south-eastern Virginia, to to whom I *will* missionate on my return from Texas. They are said to have become mutes by intermarriage which has been used in that part of the State about two hundred years. They have inter-married among each-other on account of aristocratic ancestry from *Pocohontas*, whom history reports as having saved the life of Captain John Smith. My departed wife was descended from him who landed on the same land where Pocohontas lived, and this writer, from Plymouth Rock.

A few days ago, I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from my old pupil, Prof. Holdridge Chidester, of the West Virginia Institution at Romney, in which he, Mr. Covell, and others had long expected me to honor them with a *state visit,* which I regretted to find it impossible to do when I went to Wheeling. They live so much out of the way and are called *backwoods people.* They would be more easily visited if they were living on or near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. From my long and personal experience, deaf and dumb Institutions should be located near *lagre cities.* Mr. Chidester was *six years* under my instruction, and was made the *first deaf and dumb teacher in the Virginia Institution* after delivering his valedictory address. He was thus connected with the Institution till the war, and was afterwards called to the Institution where he now labors. He has a deaf-mute brother who is called a skilful house carpenter. He can build houses from plans, etc., as if he were a speaking man. He has had three sisters in this condition. One of them unfortunately uneducated, was washing potatoes for dinner at a spring at the foot of a large tree, when it fell down crushing her to death. A year or two later, and she would have gone to Staunton, Va., to get an education to which she was an entire stranger then. Another was married to a Methodist minister, and moved to Ohio, if I am not mistaken. The third was united in wedlock to my old pupil, John G. Skelton, of Litchfield, Ill., and they are now both living there, having several children. Mr. Skelton did nothing but talk about his politics—Democratic, while he was under my tuition. He fortified himself successfully against me on that subject. He is a good carpenter like his brother-in-law. They were all my very smart pupils, except the poor deaf-mute girl. He writes that there are about fourteen deaf-mutes in Litchfield, Ill. My departed wife's deaf-mute brother, Aaron E. James, lies buried there. He was educated at the Philadelphia Institution. He was blessed with the most wonderful mechanical ingenuity that I ever knew of. I shall visit his widow and her children in that place in the spring, and may avail myself of this visit to lecture to deaf-mutes on religion.

I shall be back in this place next week to hold a joint service with the Rev. Dr. Dame, on Sunday, the 5th of February. I shall, in the meantime, hold services in two or three southern towns. I leave to-night for Georgia, and time admonishes me to close.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA,
Sunday night, January 29, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I had no idea whatever that I should be in this city this sabbath day. I have missed a service in Athens, Ga., to-night. I am *not responsible* for this failure, which I attribute to a railroad accident. We were detained at Greenville, S. C., about four hours yesterday. It took them that length of time to remove a wreck from the track. Our train, therefore, failed to make connection with the Athens one at Lula, a small village, so I had to come here to stay till to-morrow. It cannot be helped. We had a pleasant ride from Danville, Va., to this city. One of our lady passengers, apparently a widowed lady, told me that she was on her way hither to see her son, a lawyer, and that she was well acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

I shall have to start for Athens, Ga., very early in the morning, not only to visit my old pupil, Miss Dearing, and her highly respectable parents and brothers, but also to hold a service which they may have put off to next Wednesday night. Thank God, I seldom miss a service. I shall officiate in Fayetteville, N. C., next Sunday, God permitting. I have some very warm friends there, one of whom lost her deaf-mute daughter by death at North Carolina about four years ago. She was idolized at home.

I will give you some incidents of our ride.

Let me speak a word about Salisbury, N. C., which place we passed. I have some relatives there. You may be surprised at it. One of my distant uncles settled down here, very long ago, as an attorney at law, and was made Governor of North Carolina and afterwards a United States Senator from that State. He lies buried there. His son has removed to California to practise law.

The Governor's brother commanded a company of ninety minute men in the battle of Lexington, Mass., the first ever fought in America, and lost but one. Afterwards he fought in the battles of Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights. So great was his bravery that Washington admired it, and appointed him his aid-de-camp, which position he retained through the whole revolutionary war, after which he settled down in old Virginia *as I have done,* and married one of the celebrated Lees, who mingled with Washington, who kissed the bride at the wedding.

The Governor's other brother fought under Gen. Wolfe at the battle of Quebec. I do not know any more of him.

His father was once Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts during the reign of George III., King of England. He turned rebel against him by signing the papers with John Hancock, Samuel Adams and others, petitioning the Continental Congress to declare war against him. During the Philadelphia Centennial, it was my great pleasure and privilege to get *a solemn look* at his name kept among the old archives in the old Pennsylvania Library, which Benjamin Franklin may have founded. He sleeps under the sod near Plymouth, Mass.

Let me call your attention to Central South Carolina where the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and I took a hearty breakfast during our trip South. While we were relishing our plates at the table, the proprietor caused us the passengers to break out into laughter by giving us a little anecdote of Washington as follows: "He said that near the hotel was kept in good preservation an old elbow-chair in which Washington used to sit and that *whoever would sit down in it, could not tell a falsehood for one year.* Washington is well-known throughout the world *never to have told a lie.*

Yesterday, we breakfasted at Cowpens, S. C., which was the scene of a bloody battle between the Americans and the British. Readers, please study up this history.

We passed in full sight of some fountains springing up out of solid rocks along the railroad in S. C.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Ella Groom, and Messrs. Brown and Walker, all deaf-mutes, who were educated at Cave Spring, Ga.

I have just looked over the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of the 26th ult., which Miss Groom has kindly lent me to read. She says she cannot do without it. She takes it regularly.

I am pleased to learn from the paper that a little gentleman has become a member of Mr. and Mrs. Syle's family. May his life be spared to them many long years. They have my congratulations on his entrance into their home.

The same paper reports Principal Foster of the Pennsylvania Institution, as having been in ill health since the holidays, which news fills my heart with regret.

I am perfectly sure that a little European trip might recover him entirely. I have been enjoying his friendship and confidence for the last 43 years.

*Sand,* of Gallitzin, Pa., has my thanks for speaking of my letters in the JOURNAL. I do not know his real name.

It fills my heart with joy to see in the paper that my friend Mr. George Kent is still in the land of the living. God spare his life many long years. Few deaf-mutes have so many respectable relatives as he has. I will give you an item about Mr. Kent. The late President Pierce was married in the ancient mansion which he owns.

I am thinking seriously of going to New Orleans about the middle of February for about one month, holding services in the city Sundays, and giving week day services in Morgan City, La., Baton Rouge, La., Natchez, Miss., Vicksburg, Miss., Jackson, Miss., Kosciusko, Miss., Aberdeen, Miss., Holly Spring, Miss., Oxford, Miss., and a few other places, before going to Texas.

But I must now close.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

### A Farm Story.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a table; "yes, sir, we do things in rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until fall, and then he turned around and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raised cabbage on the outskirts.

"No, sir, they followed him up with a steam hotel, and had relays of men to change plows for him. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge my word that the mortgage was due at one end before it could be recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties.

There was a murmur of astonishment at this, and the Dakota man continued:

"I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to my house, though it had traveled day and night."

"Districts are pretty wide up there, ain't they," inquired another agriculturist.

"Reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is, it breaks up families prostrated with grief; women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp trunk packed on seven four-mule teams, and was going around bidding everbody goodbye."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him to get back yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

"I understand you have fine mines up there," ventured a turnip planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quartz for fencing. It won't pay to crush it, because we can make more money on wheat. I put in eighty-nine townships of wheat."

"How many acres would that be?"

"We don't count by acres; we count by townships and counties. My yield was $68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I'm thinking about breaking up eighty to a hundred counties more the coming season."

"How did you get the help for such extensive operations?"

"Oh, labor is cheap, you can get all the hands you want for from $29 to $47 per day."

"Is land cheap?"

"No. Not that it costs anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the territory you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck, for I had a friend in Yankton who got a bill through the legislature, allowing me to take 420,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is—."

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the Eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the last statement, "is all this you have been telling us true?"

"Certainly," responded the Western man; "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I didn't dare put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can slate that last round of drinks and I'll pay in the morning. I live right here in Myrtle avenue."

### Weeping.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball, or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard; and they will weep because they cannot have everything in their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused this wife, she weeps, and he relents and promises better behavior. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture? Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own are revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold himself. A woman weeps over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The "widow of Esphesus," bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other. Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no common thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they coin their tears and make them pass for current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humor, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us to relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian beforehand. The one weeps whether we will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears, they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imagination so fantastic that they can make the national world to sympathize with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of a lily is compared to tears on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden, when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottos, weeping skies, weeping climates, and if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have to finish the climax, a weeping world.


**WATCHES**
AND
**JEWELRY.**

FINE GOLD WATCHES,
Stem-winding, $50 to $75 and upwards.
Ladies' $25 to $60 and upwards.

SILVER HUNTING
AMERICAN WATCHES
Stem-winding. $12 to $18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

**JEWELRY,**
Silver and Plated Ware
of all the newest designs, always in stock.
We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING
all of which is done on the premises.
Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

GEO. W. WELSH'S SONS,
NO. 253 GREENWICH ST.,
Cor. Park Place, N. Y.
OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT DOWN TOWN



TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

*An advertiser who spends upwards of $5,000 a year, and who invested less than $350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID."*

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,980.14. The list includes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.



A SPLENDID OFFER!

$30 IN PRIZES.

These terms are open to subscribers only.

For every NEW SUBSCIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us $1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address *very plainly.*

Besides this liberal commission, we give $30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest lists of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before March 1, 1882, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| For the 1st largest list | $15.00 |
| " " 2d " | 10.00 |
| " " 3d " | 5.00 |

RULES.

Those wishing to complete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names.

The names must be names of NEW subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as *new.*

No letter mailed after February 28th, 1882, will be counted.

☞ *Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter.*

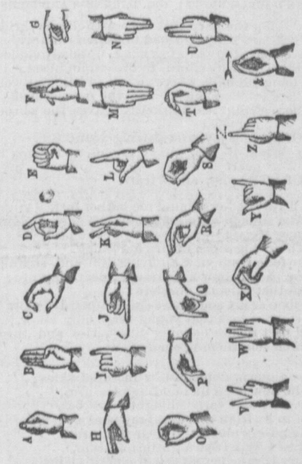
Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M.
New York



EX-SOLDIERS and their HEIRS should all send for a sample copy of that wonderful paper, the **World and Soldier**, publi-hed at Washington, D. C. It contains Stories of the War, Camp Life, Scenes from the Battle-field, and a thousand things of interest to our country's defenders. It is the greatest soldiers' paper. It contains all the Laws and Instruction relating to Pensions and Bounties for soldiers and their heirs. Every ex-soldier should enroll his name under the **World and Soldier** banner at once. Eight page, forty columns, weekly. $1 a year, Sample free. Address **World and Soldier**, Box 588, Washington, D. C.



MANUAL ALPHABET
AND
CALLING CARDS COMBINED.



*We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.*

*PRICE LIST:*

*50 Cards with name, 25 cents.*
*100 " " " 50 "*






FIRST CLASS DEALERS.
38—6m



THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large, First-Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings,* repre-enting the newest Inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

Terms, $3.20 per year, $1.60 half year, which includes postage. Discount to Agents. Single copies, ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & Co., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New-York.

**PATENTS.** In connection with the **Scientific American,** Messrs. MUNN & CO. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 35 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special note is made in the **Scientific American** of all Inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merit of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

Any person who has a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, *free of charge,* whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to MUNN & Co. We also send *free* our Hand Book about the Patent Laws Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how produced, with hints for producing advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents,

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y
Branch Office, cor. F & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.